

Another Treat Tomorrow

WASHINGTON last Sunday placed its stamp of approval on the new Sunday Morning Times.

That is the same as saying that Washington recognizes and demands an up-to-the-minute Metropolitan newspaper, knows one when it sees one, and buys it.

Last Sunday's issue was sold out at 10 o'clock in the morning—before many Washingtonians had finished their Sunday "sleep-jag." (That's what the scientists call that extra period in bed on Sunday.) Consequently, when these tardy-to-rise residents looked for their Times (unless they were regular subscribers) they were told that there was nothing doing.

This week more papers will be printed, but The Times does not guarantee to supply the demand, and the forehanded person will order his copy today.

It is a shame to miss that Sunday Times. It will be a newspaper, a magazine, a music and art shop, a vaudeville show. There will be something of intense interest for each member of the family and many things for all members. Here is a glimpse at some of the features that will be included:

Another installment of the astounding political revelations of William F. McCombs, campaign manager for Woodrow Wilson, in which he tells of Bryan's midnight conference, clad in a brown undershirt.

Congressman Herrick's novel idea of a love contest proves a boomerang. Another chapter in this interesting drama.

George Bernard Shaw's absorbing article in which he maintains that the Irish people have won their struggle for freedom.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson startles nobility with a new and daring wedding gown.

Former President Wilson's sale of Presidential gifts, including the Marie Antoinette loom, a present from France, raises a question as to the nation's right to them.

Serio-comic essays by Skillet Finn, Gene Fowler, Ed Streeter, Damon Runyon, George Ade and others.

Florenz Ziegfeld reveals some more of the intimate secrets from behind the scenes in beauty land.

A complete section devoted to sports and automobiling.

All the news of the society and dramatic worlds, profusely illustrated.

A comprehensive chronicle of the news of the day gathered by The Times staff of expert news gatherers and taken from the four quarters of the world by wireless, cable and telegraph.

An Appropriate Suggestion

THERE has been a great deal of agitation for the appointment of a woman as one of the American delegates to the Disarmament Conference.

There is no reason in the world why a woman should not be appointed. A worthy woman in such an office would be a great help.

The questions of disarmament and of peace are rather simple questions. There is very little intrigue in them, and women on these questions are most qualified to sense by instinct the simple fundamental truths in which sentiment and humanity are the largest factors.

It has been intimated that the President's hesitancy to appoint a woman has been fear lest the visiting delegates might thereby be displeased.

We cannot see why they should. Their women are as much interested in the promotion of peace and in the saving of the lives they bear as our women are.

Maybe they need a lesson.

Why Truth Can Wait

THAT England will soon have two political parties, Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks, was a statement made by Lord Derby in a speech at the annual meeting of Lincolnshire Unionists.

The same declaration might be made concerning any other country. For, at bottom, Bolshevism is nothing but political impatience.

All movements that include violence are simply idealism plus petulance.

For the world, or the people of any land, cannot be divided into the two classes, bad and good. There is no bad class. There are bad individuals. But badness is so utterly non-cohesive that for a lot of bad folk to stick together they have to borrow some good. So even the worst company of rascals talk fine phrases.

All men are fair. All want to do what is right. All are anxious that society and the State shall function in justice. To believe this is to be a democrat. Not to believe it is to be an autocrat, and to be bitten by some sort of superiority microbe.

But all men are not wise. Perhaps a better way to put it is, all men are not grown up.

In fact there are comparatively few adult-minded persons in any community.

Most of us are childish. And childish in nothing more than in our political ideas.

That is, we expect to "make" results in a minute that can only grow with years.

Or we expect to gain an end by some magic, or fairy wand, or miracle, that can be gained only by slow toil, enduring faith and firm-set will.

Hence impatience. Hence revolutionists, direct action, assassinations, desperation, bitterness, violence.

These are not bad people, the I. W. W., the Bolsheviks, the anarchists and the like.

Listen to them talk. Eliminate the envy, fierceness and slaver from what they say, and get down to what they stand for, and you will find it is the same ideals we have—brotherhood, equal opportunity, justice, and so on.

What ails them is—impatience. They know how to do all things except the one thing needful in human affairs—to wait.

They understand all the deep principles except the deepest of all—growth.

They are willing to use any weapon to bring about Utopia, save the one weapon which can succeed—Time.

They know all about Truth except Truth's chief characteristic—that it is never in a hurry.

That is because Truth is eternal, and is the one thing that does not need to be hurry.

So the poet said of Truth: "The eternal years of God are hers."

Stars and Stripes

Not As Difficult.

De Style—At a spiritualistic seance last night I saw a spirit come through a solid wall. Gunbusta—That's nothing. I frequently see my wife going through my trousers pockets.

As far as woman's dress is concerned there's nothing can come up to it.

In these dry times we can hardly blame Philadelphia's ball teams for staying in the cellar.

One of the discredited Chicago bailplayers confessed to a friend that it was just a slip. Pillow-slip, he should have said.

Hundreds of thousands of dead grasshoppers floated down the St. Lawrence river today. News item. More work of the anti-beer crusaders in their efforts to rid the country of all "hops."

"Cleaner money coming," says Secretary Mellon. No 'tain't.

"Four billion five hundred and fifty million needed to run nation," says the Secretary of the Treasury. It's a wonder the thought doesn't make him Mellon-chely.

Muscles Are Older.

Miss De Style—I cannot dance so well any more.

Miss Gunbusta—How's that?

Miss De Style—My shoulders tire so easily.

A NAME CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE

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THE name that's missing is of a country to which others owe eleven thousand million dollars, yet it pleads that it's too poor to pay its debt of honor to its soldiers.

Perhaps if it would stop coddling its debtors and press collections it wouldn't have this excuse.

THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

When Secretary Albert Fall, of the Department of the Interior, became associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico back in the 90s, he found the docket most congested with a multitude of cases, many of which had been hanging on for years.

The next day he called the lawyers of the town together. He said to them that the court would meet the next morning at 8 o'clock, and that it would continue to sit until 6 in the evening. It would try cases all the time. If any lawyer was not ready and his excuse was not obviously valid, his case would be dismissed.

Many of the lawyers protested, squirmed, swore. The judge held that the strenuous program was much harder on him than on them, as he heard every case while they spelled each other.

In a little while the docket was cleared and the business of the court was thereafter handled with ease and expedition.

Daniel Richard Crissinger, the new Comptroller of the currency, is the president of the Marion, Ohio, Cemetery Association. Likewise is he the treasurer of the Marion Packing Company and a director in the Marion Steam Shovel Company. He is a Mason, a Knight Templar, a Shriner and an Elk. He feeds several hundred head of cattle and hogs every year, and makes them fat, being the owner of several farms. He sets forth these facts in a sketch of himself prepared by himself.

Mr. Crissinger became prosecuting attorney of Marion county about the time that Mr. Harding purchased the Marion Star. Their lives have grown side by side. Each has watched the other expand.

Now these Marion boys have nothing much to do. Mr. Harding just appoints good men to worry about the various complications. But Mr. Crissinger is used to having his finger in so many pies out in Marion that the mere matter of being Comptroller does not cause him to celebrate overmuch.

Of course, we have too much gold in the Treasury, he admits, more gold than exists in the treasury of all the other nations of the world combined. And it keeps on coming—looks as though we might get it all. No nation ever had all the gold, so nobody knows what will happen. It is an odd thing to happen. It is an odd situation for a man to contemplate who is just two months out of Marion, Ohio. The problem of the Cemetery Association are simpler, but less interesting.

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Once-Overs

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What is the use of knowledge if you never make use of it?

When a person is given a bit of knowledge by a teacher with it should go the how to make use of it—the practical application.

It is practical application of knowledge which makes it worth while.

The mere fact that you can repeat a rule will not get you anywhere.

What does the rule mean and how does it apply in the next step?

Until you know the application your rule is worth nothing to you.

But some persons do not care to apply the rule—too much work.

They are content with an action of the jaws which repeats a certain combination of sounds in correct order and in parrot style they will tell you the rule, but to get under the rule is too much bother.

No rule will do the work for you.

You could read formulas all your life, but if you did not mix the right ingredients in exact proportion you could not build a cement sidewalk which would hold together, or produce a sour milk cake which did not taste of the soda.

Mr. B. Baer

BUN VOYAGE.

MAN wants but little here below and gets darned sight less. Sometimes he wants snifter of wood alcohol.

ONLY way for free citizens to grab that is to flitter to Europe and submit to tyranny of kings. Europe used to be continent. Now it's only corner saloon.

RICH immigrants are sliding backward through Ellis Island. All bound to old world for new drinks. Prohibition is only porchbillion. Poor cuckoo is marooned on this edge of lagoon. Wobbles down to wharf simmering with envy. Watches first and second class thrills bound for Europe.

COSTS plenty jack to oil hinges in your neck. Government could save price of ocean picnic by laying hollow cables to France. Now, when bird launches himself on transatlantic tour, everybody is hep that he is hopping over to land of licensed bootleggers.

NEIGHBORS' children stamped on pier. Wish him bun voyage.

USED to wave good-bye with hankies. Now they wave bar towels.

FIRST three miles of trip are dryest. After that captain turns over boat to bartender. Ain't fooling nobody. Man who goes to Europe for his health is determined to find it if he has to open every bottle in six hemispheres.

WHEN man starts ocean habit he soon gets to be habitual offender. Travels between Europe and America like tides. In and out again. Needs two addresses. One for his mail. One for his thirst.

GETS to be Cunard addict. Used to wake up in the morning and yodel for bromo seltzer. Now squawks for boat. Orders his breakfast by wireless. Skins down to pier and shakes dust of his native country from his throat.

WEALTHY couple who take their children abroad can be pinched for improper guardianship. Debutante who goes to Europe for finishing course soon gets finished. Don't judge fellow passengers by way they act on boat. They may be good, sober citizens back in their home sanitariums.

BUN voyage.

FROM THE PUBLIC

"CAR SERVICE THROUGH WALTER REED GROUNDS."

EDITOR OF THE TIMES: Regarding the statement of O. W. Rober, that to block the extension through the Walter Reed reservation would injure the future development of the towns north of the hospital, I wonder how many towns there would have been in Maryland or any other community, if those boys who are now suffering in Walter Reed Hospital hadn't gone to France, in order that we might have "any towns at all."

And I also wonder how many of the citizens who belong to the Takoma Park, Brightwood, Sixteenth street, Fourteenth street, and other associations have ever been in the Walter Reed grounds, except for their own pleasure and recreation. If they would take the time to visit the wards and see just how many boys are sick and suffering, they might change their ideas about a noisy street car line through these grounds. There are hundreds of boys there now and hundreds who will be coming for the next few years, and Congress should immediately put a bill through that would prohibit the building of such a line.

The noise and confusion that would take place in the building of this line would be a menace to the welfare of these boys, and the after part would be far worse. This city can be easily reached by other car lines, and also by train, and it would, therefore, be a crime to build a line through these hospital grounds, just for the accommodation of the public, when this is Government ground, and when we, as well as the Government, owe so much to these wounded boys. I am wondering how many of these men who are in favor of this proposed proposition had sons wounded or killed in the late war?

BERTHA CUSTER.

A TIP FOR GENERAL DAWES.

EDITOR OF THE TIMES: Why does not Mr. Dawes stop the waste at the bung instead of at the spigot. There is the Shipping Board spending for its maintenance in a few years as much as all our ships are worth. There is the electrification of the Great Falls. This project, if carried out, would save for the Government millions in the annual expense for light and heat. The Postal Savings Department pays 2 per cent interest. Why not 4, 5 or 6 per cent.

To deprive Government clerks of employment in the present period of unemployment is unjust and cruel. Why not wait until a return of "normalcy," when they will be able to get other employment.

After all, human welfare should be the primary aim of all legislation and administration. I would cheerfully continue to pay the few cents saved on my income tax by the dismissal of the Government clerks.

E. T. VINSON.

Ship Fires.

Electrical operation through thermostatic controls is the feature of a new fire extinguishing system intended especially for shipyard use, which has successfully met recent tests, says Popular Mechanics. Vaporized carbon tetrachloride is the extinguishing medium, stored in tanks of ten to fifty gallons capacity with suitable empty alarm connections. An electromagnetic relay and valve opens the 3-16-inch pipeline leading to a number of electric float-type vaporizers, located at the points of possible fire danger, and connected in parallel to the relay contact. The coils of the relay are wired to a current source through a parallel series of electric thermostats, also located at the danger points. When the heated thermostats close the circuit, the vaporizers immediately throw off gases that, in the tests, extinguished a large fire in less than thirty minutes. Back contacts on the thermostat indicate when the fire is out, and a switchboard equipped with instruments and indicators accurately reports the location of an incipient fire.

Teachers' and Clergymen's Salaries

PRESIDENT BUTTERFIELD, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, complains that an unimportant subordinate in the State Department has been given the power to interfere in the internal affairs of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

If this is true, and we would not doubt President Butterfield's word, it is a most unfortunate situation. It may be capable of explanation, but it can never be a satisfactory condition.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College under President Butterfield has borne an excellent reputation, it has done a great deal to aid the scientific, intelligent development of the natural resources of New England. It needs encouragement and help. The money that is spent on it is well spent, and more could be spent profitably.

If there is one thing that we want to do more than anything else, it is to make our land so profitable in the country that we will draw more from the cities and give our population a better balance, better poise, better health, greater contentment, stability and prosperity.

The solution of the mounting cost of living is to be found in the scientific knowledge which schools like the Massachusetts Agricultural College impart.

Not more than two generations ago, we were the most literate people in the world.

We were the first to realize the necessity of a general education in a democracy, and though those who advocated the reform were denounced as Socialists and Anarchists in their day, we abandoned all attempts to depend upon privately-managed schools for the general education, and now we find that the public school, an institution which has revolutionized the whole world, has become a world institution.

But we have been resting on our progress. Our native population seems to think that education is unlike anything else, and that it will progress automatically and that it is not a relative term and that we do not need to struggle to keep our leadership.

The shocking condition of American illiteracy was not revealed to us until the facts elicited by the draft became known. We were humiliated for a moment, but it does not seem to have gripped us.

Our educational institutions are not what they ought to be. They don't begin to be what they were relatively fifty years ago. You can't have educational institutions unless you have teachers equal to them, and you can't have teachers equal to them if you are going to neglect and starve your teachers.

The salaries paid our clergymen and teachers are a scandal in this country, and they are the direct result of the concentration of the public mind upon the struggle to survive the ruthless exploitation of organized, concentrated wealth.

Must Abolish Poverty

THERE are a few fundamental truths we all should frankly admit, re industry.

Perhaps the most marked difference between a civilized man and a savage is that the civilized man has tools, that is, he has "things to work with."

One of these is Capital.

Civilization, the kind that we have and the kind that has been GROWN by natural evolution, means Capital.

Perhaps a better kind might be MADE, but it would be artificial, its advantages entirely theoretical and its drawbacks unknown.

The "Way Out" of our present industrial muddle is not to destroy Capital, for that would mean simply that the world should commit suicide. It is an argument of desperation and passion, not of intelligence.

The "Way Out" is to abolish Poverty.

And Poverty may be defined as the condition of having no tools, that is, having no Capital.

The way to abolish Poverty, then, is to make every man, as nearly as possible, a Capitalist.

That can only be done by Thrift.

Thrift should not be preached by fear, but should be recommended as power.

We should not practice Thrift so that we will not go to the poorhouse, but to increase our earning power by making our saved-up money work for us.

The inequalities of society, that some are rich and some are poor, can be cured not by leveling down, but always by leveling up.

For, to make everybody poor, by abolishing Capitalism, would mean a step backward toward barbarism.

The State cannot take over all Capital, because the State can only act collectively. Individual enterprise and initiative are the best instigators of new ideas, new inventions, new improvements in industry that benefit many.

But the Class idea can be killed by every Laborer becoming a Capitalist, which is the purpose of Thrift.

We are already on the way to this end now in this country. The huge mass of Capital is the aggregated savings of the workers.

When all wage earners save systematically, it is they who will be the Money Power.

Increase in Capital is the only way to increased Production; increased Production is the only way to permanent increase in Wages; and Wages set aside by Thrift is the only way to increased Capital; this is the only circle that is not vicious.

Abolish Poverty! There is only one way! Establish Thrift!